

# The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where it is issued daily during the regular sessions of the University by the Colonial Press, Inc., except Mondays, examination and vacation periods, and the summer terms. Entered as second-class matter at the post office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price: \$8.00 per year, \$2.00 per quarter. Member of The Associated Press. The Associated Press and AP features are exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news features published herein.

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## Pitching Horseshoes

by Billy Rose

A few years back, I got the nobby notion of reviving "Henry VIII" by one W. Shakespeare, and the day after the first three-line announcement appeared on the drama pages my office was crumpled with well known actors who were willing to work for what ordinarily would have been agents' commissions.

Subsequently, for reasons that have nothing to do with this piece, I pigeon-holed my plans for doing "Henry," but I sure learned a lot about show folks during the month I was buddy-ing up to the Bard.

To nine out of ten of them, I found, pentameters of William the Great are the chocolate sauce on the profiterole, and during rehearsals they go about their business as if they were in a temple of worship. On opening night, as far as the cast is concerned, the theatre has stained glass windows, and I'm not exaggerating when I say the actors would probably kill anyone who tried to foul up the performance.

If you think I'm using "kill" carelessly, try this one on for sighs.

Back in 1904, an obscure thespian named Robert Mantell, who had been playing desultory one-nighters in the Midwest, received word that a choice Broadway theatre would be available during the Christmas season. He promptly cancelled his road engagements and brought his troupe to New York, but shortly after his arrival he discovered that the "choice" theatre he had been offered was the Princess, a small second-story auditorium on Broadway between 27th and 28th Streets.

No more daunted than solvent, Mantell announced he would present his production of "Richard III" on December 5, and when friends and colleagues warned him that no hundred people would climb flight of rickety stairs to see a Shakespearean play during the holidays, he shrugged his threadbare shoulders and posted his rehearsal schedule. Immediately, however, there was trouble. The stage crew insisted on a scenic rehearsal, and when the impoverished actor refused they decided to get even by lousing up his show on opening night.

On the evening of the 5th, a minute after Mantell began to declaim his way through the initial lines, a stagehand lunged at him from behind a cloth drop and almost knocked him into the pit. And a few moments later the same "accident" happened again.

When the act was over, Mantell quietly told the crew that he would kill the next man who tried to disrupt his performance—and halfway through the second act he darned near did. In the middle of a speech, he saw the outline of a hand behind the curtain trying to locate him and, never faltering in his lines, he drew his dagger and plunged the blade full-force into the drop.

When he went into the wings at the end of the scene, one of the crew grabbed him



## Know It Alls On Journalistic Genius

By Bill Johnson

Don't ever let anyone tell you that working on a college newspaper isn't fun. It is—providing, of course, you possess the journalist's most essential characteristic—a warped sense of humor. Sure, there's plenty of real work involved and you may have to give up a few trivial things like studying or eating or taking those long, meditative, afternoon strolls through the hauntingly beautiful wilds of Orange County. But it's worth it. The life you lead as a member of society's fourth estate will more than compensate for such minor inconveniences.

Don't get the wrong idea though. It isn't the stories you write or the free tickets to the Planetarium you get that makes this newspaper racket interesting—it's the people you meet. And you don't even have to leave the confines of the news office to meet them. They always come to you. The most interesting of these people all suffer from an ancient malady which, strangely enough, attacks only the uninitiated. This illness takes the form

and said, "You've killed our head carpenter." "I hope to Heaven I did," said Mantell. But when he examined the stagehand he found the wound was only a gash in the thigh.

To make sure no one would misunderstand how he felt, the actor went up to his dressing room and came down wearing the iron studded glove that was part of his costume in the last act. "Any more trouble," he said, "and I shall brain each and every one of you."

The stagehands looked at Mantell, at the mailed glove, and at the bleeding man on the floor. And from then until the final curtain, the crew was as quiet as a Scottish meeting house after a call for contributions.

Next day, the critics hailed Mantell's performance as the greatest "Richard" since the days of Booth, and before the week was out he had been signed by the late William A. Brady, under whose management he went on to achieve recognition as one of America's leading classic actors.

Recently, Theresa Helburn of the Theatre Guild offered to let me buy a small piece of "As You Like It," starring Katherine Hepburn. "In all fairness," she said, "I think I ought to tell you that Katy's contract is only until June."

of a disillusion in which the newspaper world is a romantic heaven of crusades, scoops, blazing headlines and great personal integrity. A few who come to you will be realistic, lazy and acridly cynical, but these are destined to become star reporters or editors and none of them are very interesting. Those who make this business fun are the ones who walk in, pull up a chair and tell you your paper isn't worth the waste in ink and effort. After a lengthy dissertation in which the lofty ideals of such journalistic greats as Steve Wilson and David Farrell are thrown in your face, this character will come forward with a solution to all your problems. Just give him a typewriter and a few sheets of copy paper and your paper will be saved—yea, even boosted to unheralded heights of journalistic accomplishments.

Simply telling this "genius" to beat it doesn't accomplish a thing. Experience has shown that the best procedure is to seat him at your typewriter and then sit back for 10 or 15 minutes while he burns himself out. Then he will rise disgustedly, stare at you for a moment, mumble something about some guy named Hearst, and stalk out of the office. It takes you a few seconds to realize that your paper has just suffered a great loss, and it is with much weeping and gnashing of teeth that return to your typewriter to finish your "scoop" on the recent Wednesday afternoon meeting of the Ladies Aid Society.

Genius of the above-mentioned type is fairly rare, however, and it is on persons of much less ability that you most commonly depend for amusement. Much more abundant are those who come to you bursting with energy and enthusiasm and little else. They are willing to do anything, literally anything—except work. They want to dig up the big stories and phone them in for someone else to write. It isn't that they can't write them, you understand. It simply that they hate to waste all that valuable time sitting around the office. This type usually sticks around until he realizes that he's been on the staff for almost a week and hasn't yet won a Pall Mall Award. When he does realize this he is usually deeply hurt and he moves on to seek fame in some other field. Your paper has suffered another great loss—a ream of copy paper, several typewriter ribbons and one of the office dictionaries which the character took with him when he left.

In between these more interesting manifestations of the evolutionary theory will come

a series of individuals who understand that all staff members on the paper get paid. They want their cut of the swag even if they have to sweep floors to get it. So you tell them that you already have someone who sweeps the floor (an editor's got to do something) and instead of leaving, they demand some other salaried position. Finally you have to confess that only editors draw a check and that the rest of the people on the paper are utter fools who give their all for dear olde DAILY and receive not a cent in return.

About the strangest bunch you'll meet is made up of coeds who somehow have developed secretary complexes. They feel that the paper needs a typist and they have come to offer their services. With a ratio of seven to one between reporters and typewriters, the paper needs a typist like it needs a hole in the head. But with the same ratio between males and females on the paper's staff you try to figure some way to keep the gals around. So you don't bother to tell them that under the present setup a reporter has to have the written permission of three deans, two South Building secretaries and the Graham Memorial janitor before he can get to one of the machines. Finally the staff gathers around and offers suggestions for possible jobs that the gals can handle but after the third suggestion the girls always scream and run and your ratio remains the same.

You'll meet others if you hang around long enough and you can really enjoy them if you remember not to take them too seriously. For instance, some guy may come in and call your paper a "hotbed of communism" and five minutes later another will come in to label you an "instrument of proletariat suppression." Some will criticize you for being afraid to "do something" and others will tell you that you "go far." And so it goes, week after week, month after month. The people and the things they have to say differ a little as the years roll by, but one thing remains unchanged—they never lose their entertainment value. But please don't get the idea that we want the characters to stop coming around. The truth is, we couldn't get along without them.

(All letters sent to the Daily Tar Heel for publication should be type-written, double-spaced, and should not exceed 500 words. The name and address of the author must be signed to the letter.)

### DREW PEARSON ON The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON. — President Truman attended a private birthday luncheon for Speaker Sam Rayburn last week at which he presented Sam with a new hat.

"Sam is the only man I know," commented the President, "who could stay in Washington over 40 years and still wear the same size hat he wore when he came here. I don't know what kind of a hat this is," Truman continued, "but I'll show you how to fix it."

Showing he hadn't lost his touch as a habermasher, Truman flipped the hat into shape and planted it ceremoniously on Rayburn's head. As the guests roared, Rayburn yanked it down over his ears.

The President also kidded Rayburn about his age. Vice President Barkley tells me when he was a kid, he used to listen to Sam on the lecture platform. Truman confided, "But, in view of Barkley's known age, I'll be damned if I can understand how Sam can be just 68."

First course at the luncheon in honor of a famous Texan was grapefruit, which caused the President to remark: "I understand this grapefruit came from Florida."

"Yes, I am sure this is Florida grapefruit," agreed Chief Justice Fred Vinson.

"Now I know it is Florida grapefruit," declared the President, "because the Supreme Court has already handed down a decision that it's Florida grapefruit."

You'll have to wait until I prepare my dissent," differed Justice Tom Clark, a Texan. "I am going to claim that it came from Texas."

The luncheon was attended by both Democrats and Republicans, all close friends of the speaker. This caused Sen. Lyndon Johnson, master of ceremonies, to announce it was a "bipartisan birthday luncheon." Later he introduced Rayburn as "a man who has made my friends proud and his critics ashamed."

With a voice sometimes choked with emotion, Rayburn told how he was one of 11 children, spoke of their early troubles and struggles, boasted that seven still came home for Christmas dinner last year.

"No place in the world could we have had the opportunity we have had in America," he said.

Rayburn went on to say that he believed 97 or 98 per cent of the world are good people and have good in them. I haven't any room in my heart or time in my life for hatred. I love people and I believe in them. . . under the leadership of a plain man from the farm lands of Missouri, we have taken the courage to lead the world for good and righteousness. I believe we will succeed."

The House Small Business Committee will dish out some

President Truman may not know it yet, but he is going to lose another worth-while public servant. He is Atomic Energy Commissioner Sumner Pike, the delightful man from Maine. Pike wants to go back home and run for the state legislature. Those who know Pike's peyixish sense of humor forecast a tumultuous time for the Maine lawmakers.

For more than a year, Pike carried on a vigorous letter-writing campaign to collect half a year's pay as a \$1-a-year man during the war. His letters were addressed to the conscientious Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, not noted for his sense of humor.

Every time Morgenthau signed and announced he was ready to give up the fight with Pike, his assistants rallied round and said, "don't you dare. He would frame that 50-cent check, and hang it up in his office to laugh over. And we never would get our books back in balance. How would we explain a 50-cent deficit to a congressional investigation?"

Maury Maverick, the former Congressman and Mayor of an Antonio, Tex., is still the master of the vivid phrase.

### Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS: 1. Long-standing; 2. Viper; 3. Puma; 4. Stunt; 5. Preceding; 6. High mountain; 7. Festival; 8. Oriental dwelling; 9. Kind of cloth; 10. Fasten; 11. Wreath; 12. Lashed; 13. Wreath with gullies; 14. Nile; 15. Thing; 16. Asiatic country; 17. Catch; 18. Harlequin; 19. New England; 20. Mated; 21. State; 22. Mated; 23. Mated; 24. Large hunting; 25. Old musical note; 26. Fish; 27. Tropical bird; 28. Large stream; 29. Preceding; 30. Night; 31. Festival; 32. Kind of cloth; 33. Wreath with gullies; 34. Nile; 35. Thing; 36. Asiatic country; 37. Harlequin; 38. New England; 39. Mated; 40. State; 41. Mated; 42. Large hunting; 43. Old musical note; 44. Fish; 45. Tropical bird; 46. Large stream.

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle: 1. Poem; 2. Loose; 3. Playwright; 4. Hard rock; 5. Famous singer; 6. Fairy; 7. Outrigger; 8. Kind of fish; 9. Sumner; 10. Part of the mouth; 11. Caries; 12. Snip; 13. Lateral; 14. Boundaries; 15. Gaiter; 16. Craze; 17. Fasten firmly; 18. Quoth; 19. Raved; 20. The niche; 21. Matrons; 22. Steel homes; 23. Resurrection; 24. Froth; 25. Archer; 26. Feathered animals; 27. Quoth; 28. Attempt; 29. Quoth; 30. Sheep; 31. Moxie; 32. Gull; 33. Moxie; 34. Gull; 35. Moxie; 36. Gull; 37. Moxie; 38. Gull; 39. Moxie; 40. Gull; 41. Moxie; 42. Gull; 43. Moxie; 44. Gull; 45. Moxie; 46. Gull.

## More on SP-CP Merger

Even before the University Party walked off with the lion's share of the Legislature seats in fall quarter elections, rumors have been rampant over the campus and in Y-Court political confabs over the possibility of a merger between the Campus and Student Parties. Fuel was added to these reports as a result of Tuesday night meetings by both the SP and CP, at which time the "merger" possibilities were discussed openly.

From all reports, the CP seems to be tending toward "merging" with the SP. One gathers this from the opinions of most of the party leaders. However, most of the students who voted the Campus Party ticket last quarter probably are still very much in the dark about the use of the term "merger." A number of CP men are of the opinion that this term amounts to little more than disbanding and joining the Student Party. Others are convinced that a true merger of principles, aims, and possibly a name other than "Student Party" could be attained. At any rate, the campus as a whole deserves to know just what this proposed move would mean.

The CP has appointed a committee charged with investigating the "possibility" of a merger. Their findings should be made public once a discussion is held with SP leaders.

The Student Party meanwhile seems to be enjoying itself in its position of deciding whether to permit the CP to join or whether not to make the necessary concessions for a merger. The SP certainly would welcome the opportunity to take in new members in order to present a united front against the University Party and be rid of the very troublesome CP opposition in certain dormitory districts. However, the SP, remembering its presidential victory last spring despite the efforts of both the UP and CP, can afford to be a bit choosy in the matter of compromising with the CP. SP Chairman Bill Prince has promised his group that "no compromises will be made," and former party chairman Fred Thompson objected to the idea of holding a meeting with the CP to discuss the merger, advising that "it is not wise to sit down and bargain." Sol Kimerling, prominent party member, expressed another sentiment in his fear that a get-together with the CP would end in the SP making "concessions."

Many details must be worked out before any merger is made, along with the ending of many old prejudices. The forthcoming meeting between CP and SP wheels should provide plenty of fireworks. These moves are well-worth the attention of the entire student body.

## Remember the Voters

The Student Legislature will get its winter quarter sessions off to an auspicious start tonight when the new legislators will be sworn in prior to taking up their duties. These newly-elected students made a lot of promises last quarter when they were running for office, and they now have an opportunity to do something about these vows.

Ted Leonard, student body vice-president, yesterday had a few words of wisdom for the new legislators. He urged a policy of "closer contact between members of the legislature and their constituents back in the dormitories." This certainly has not been the policy of legislators in the past, who seemingly have displayed no responsibility to the voters in their district.

Cooperation between the legislators and voters constitutes the very core of student government activity at Carolina. The 1950 solons should remember this, and take every opportunity to carry the problems and questions of legislative work back to the students. In this way only can interest be built up in student government.

## Don Cossacks These Russians Are Okay

By Bill Kellam

Serge Jaroff and The Original Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers came to Chapel Hill Tuesday evening much heralded and went away later that night much cheered. Never before has an SEC entertainment program evoked such enthusiastic audience response as did Jaroff's fine choral group. The ovations they received compared quite favorably with the pandemonium which reigns at Memorial Hall pep rallies. And few events, indeed, move our sophisticated students spontaneous expressions of interest and approval similar to those accorded the Choo Choo and the stalwarts of Snively.

The Cossacks' singing was most pleasing, but even more captivating to the audience Maestro Jaroff's rapturous response to applause, the superb dancing of John Kozak and Nicholai Botschko, and the clowning of an unidentified and unpronounceable tenor.

As expected, Jaroff selected a program which was well suited to the Cossacks' talents, although the five opening religious numbers, while beautifully done, dragged a bit. The Cossacks have the type voices that sound better in a chorus than in solo, all of them being rather weak in the upper reaches of the scale. However, one would have to go to a first class opera company to obtain better singers.

occasionally bounce on his toes to draw out a high note, was excellent.

The exceptionally nimble dancing of the two rubber men, won over the audience completely. They went through their routine of typical Russian routines, to the rhythm of music supplied by the Cossacks, with an impressive vengeance.

The unnamed tenor proved one of the finest comedians ever to appear in Memorial Hall. His piercing whistle, mimicking of the other singers, shouts, and mugging was top notch comedy.

Tiny little Serge was the sensation, though. He was showmanship from the top of his balding dome to the toes of his tremendous, shiny black boots. He shepherded his monstrous singers about like a terrier tending elephants. His eye-rolling, courtly,

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